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# Puck

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## AFTER THE BATTLE.

CASSIUS PLATT (to BRUTUS CROKER).—Well, so long! See you at Philippi in January!



#### IN THE WEATHER BUREAU.

The youthful prophet was plainly mortified. He had just been appointed and his first prediction had not been verified.

"The reason we did n't have that storm," he explained, earnestly — "Hush!" interrupted his aged superior. "In this business we never stop to apologize. Just guess again."

#### MONSTROSITIES.

"Madge says there are two kinds of men she can't endure."

"What are they?"

"Young men trying to act old, and old men trying to act young."

#### A RUMOR.

"They say the Populists contemplate vigorous missionary work in the Philippines."

"Yes?"

"Yes; — they think they can persuade Aguinaldo to wear a bimetallic collar, or, perhaps, a paper collar."

#### SOME GOOD LEFT IN HIM.

EMPLOYER.— Short fifty thousand!

Well, you might at least have confessed this before matters went so far as that!

CASHIER.— But I have noticed that these things run in epidemics and I hated to precipitate an epidemic.

#### OBSTACLES.

The patriot was weary.

"Farewell, beloved Honduras!" he exclaimed, with heaving bosom; "I leave thee to thy cruel masters! I simply can't make a living here, with this new law against Sunday revolutions!"

Thus did Liberty languish; while Tyranny raised its hideous head and laughed.

#### CONCERTED OPPOSITION.

"Did the Congressman ever oppose the Boss?"

"Yes; whenever the Boss told him to do so for the effect on the public."

#### THE NECESSARY INGREDIENTS.

LITTLE ALFRED.— Papa, what makes a man a Populist?

PAPA.— Wind, whiskers and a vivid imagination, my son.

#### TEMPORIZING.

CALLER (by way of introduction, briskly). — I am a bill-collector —

MR. TEN WEEKLYBONES.— Ah! — is it a mania with you, or merely a fad?

A BACCHANALIAN REVEL may not be just the same thing as a jag, but the difference is not important the next morning.

#### THE BIRTH OF MODESTY.

"Swiggs has quit bragging."

"Why?"

"He says our country is so superior to all others that we ought to be ashamed to mention it."

#### A SUGGESTION.

"I think the names 'Yale' and 'Harvard' should be given to two of our regular war-ships."

"Well, what's the matter with Vassar?"

#### SO IT SEEMS.

"The full-name of the Governor-General of Canada," remarked Mrs. Darley, who had been reading the morning paper, "is Gilbert John Murray Kynynmound Elliott."

"That is too full for utterance," replied Mr. Darley.

MANY PERSONS who accepted without question the assertion that "war is hell" were shocked to find that it was really correct.

NOW THAT there is such a quantity of responsibility to be placed, people will begin to see the necessity for having all those minor officials in the war department.



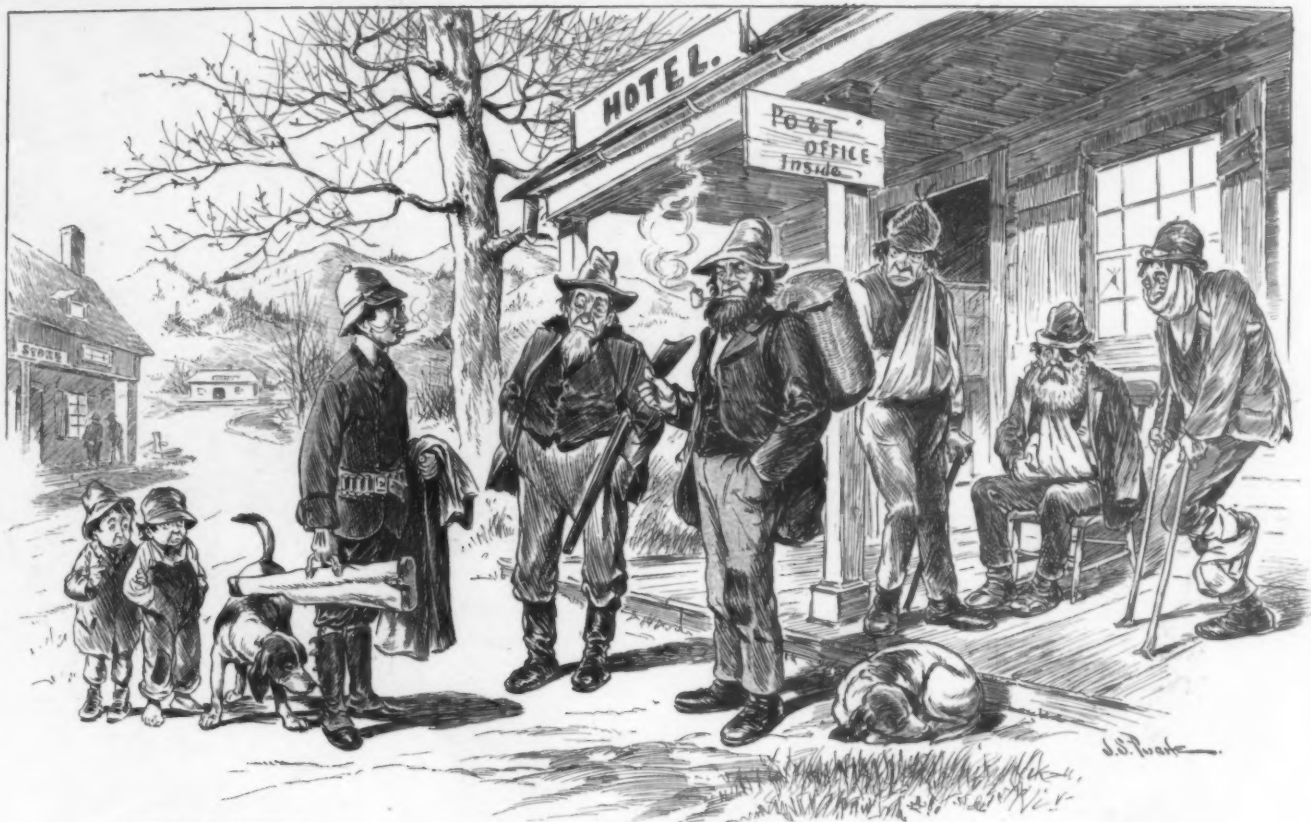
#### A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR.— Ah, me! Roses fade, little girl —

MAMIE (the flower girl).— Yes, sir; it 'd be bad for trade if they did n't!

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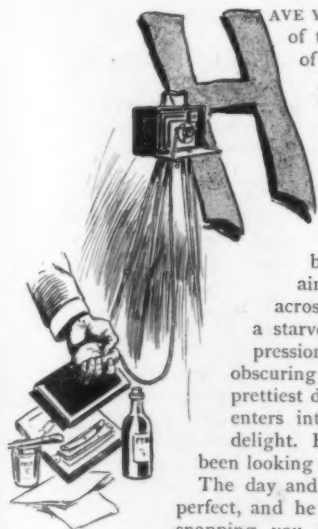


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#### TWO GUIDES LEFT.

AMATEUR SPORTSMAN (*in Maine*).—Let's see—the shooting season is about over hereabouts, ain't it?  
GUIDE.—No, not quite;—me and Bill hain't been shot yet!

#### WHAT BECOMES OF THE SNAP-SHOTS?



HAVE YOU ever stopped to consider what becomes of the amateur photographs your friends take of you, your house, your dog, and your family? A visitor with a camera comes to your house to spend Sunday. You hail him with delight. Now you will have the baby photographed in his chubby nudeness on a pile of hay, or else you will have a picture of your trusty dog, with his affectionate eyes looking up into yours and showing how well you treat him. Or, may be, it is a family group you aim at, with a deep shadow across your wife's face, and a starved, reconcentrado expression on her lips, and an obscuring hat in front of your prettiest daughter. Your friend enters into your scheme with delight. He always does. He's been looking for just such subjects. The day and the background are perfect, and he has excellent luck in snapping you in various characteristic poses.

But now comes the strange part. The young man departs with his camera. He is going to print and send to you copies of the pictures he has taken. Does he do it? No; a million times no! You will never see any of those pictures. The plump nudity of the infant which you had hoped would be immortalized; the constancy of your canine friend; the hodge-podge of your family, passed as unrecorded as a thousand actions of each day. What happened to the pictures you can only guess at: you will never see them, nor will you learn their fate. This is so notorious a fact that the camera is coming into disfavor among those who do not possess one, but who have amateur photographers among their visiting friends. To place the dog in an uncomfortable position; to run the risk of giving the baby pneumonia; to subject your family to strained groupings that are known to have no ultimate purpose is now considered distinctly disagreeable and camera manu-

facturers already feel the result in a diminished sale of their goods. But there is still a field for a conscientious young man who will not only take you and your family for nothing, but will develop, print and send to you copies of the damage he has inflicted.

Charles Battell Loomis.



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#### THE REASON OF IT.

JONES.—I wonder why "The Seasons" are represented as women?  
SMITH.—Because you're never satisfied with them, no matter what kind you get, I suppose.

LINES ON A FOLDING BED.

(By the boarder — with apologies.)



CAN A bed unfold whose lightest creak  
Breaking the silent watches of the night,  
(When, like a jack-knife, it may double-up),  
Would harrow up my soul; freeze my young blood;  
Make my two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
My knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

IN KANSAS.

FRIEND.— What did the man do?

EX-JURYMAN.— He swindled the lawyer. And there were some cranks on that jury that wanted to convict him!

HURT HIS FEELINGS.

FRIEND.— Is that a bright baby where you live?

THE SKYE TERRIER.— No!—it's a stupid little thing. It sometimes takes me for a cat and calls me "Pussy."



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LONELYVILLE LIFE.

MR. ISOLATE (of Lonelyville, after dinner, apprehensively).— Have you told the new cook that I go in on the six-eighteen train, in the morning, Amabel?

MRS. ISOLATE (wearily).— Yes, Ferdinand;— and she says she does, too!

PATRIOTISM IN time of peace is like religion on week-days— there is plenty of it, but it is n't so much in evidence.



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SAME SENSATION.

ABE JOHNSON.— Did you evah walk ten miles to rob a chicken coop and den find dar was nuffin' in it but a bear-trap, a spring gun, and a bull-dog?

PETE JACKSON.— No; but I married fo' money once!

A THOUGHTFUL MAN.

"CAT-HOP JOHNSON is a mighty thoughtful and considerate feller, when you come to think about it," remarked old man Cusack, a prominent citizen of Oklahoma. "Perfect gent that-a-way; hanged if he hain't!"

"Never noticed it," replied the wife of his bosom, indifferently.

"Neither did I, till to-day; but he is, all the same. I dropped into the court-room this afternoon, and while I was thar him and Colonel Slasher, the attorney, got into a sort of difficulty. Cat-hop was a witness, and the Colonel, not admirin' some of his testimony, insinuated kinder p'intedly that he was a liar. You know how techy Cat-hop is about sech little things. Wal, he jerked out a couple of six-shooters and began turnin' 'em loose in the general direction of the Colonel, like a gent operatin' a waterin'-pot in each hand.

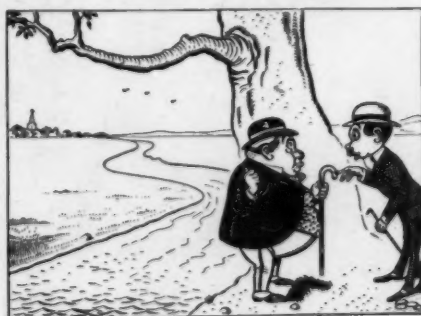
"Nacher'l enough, this sorter disturbed the regular order of pur-seedin's in the court. The Judge— powerful smart old feller that-a-way— dropped down behind his desk and flattened out on the floor like a pa'm-leaf fan. The jury all arose in one voice, as you might say, and boolged for the windows like stampeded steers; the spectators broke the door down in tryin' to git out ahead of each other; and a little gang of pale, personally-conducted tourists from the East, who had been watchin' the trial with considerable interest, turned right blue around the mouth.

"Three of 'em ducked down at the first shot and ran their heads unanimously, so to speak of it, through the back of the bench in front of

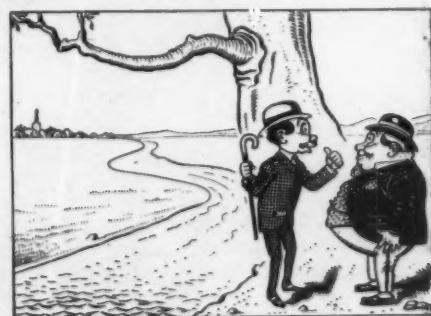
A DRAWN-OUT CROSSING.



I.  
THE OLD PARTY.— Deuce take it all! Here 's a go! How am I ever going to get over that creek? It is too far to jump and too deep to wade!



II.  
THE YOUNG PARTY.— Aw! Old Party, what 's the trouble? Cawn't get over? Pshaw! That 's easy! Loan me your cane!

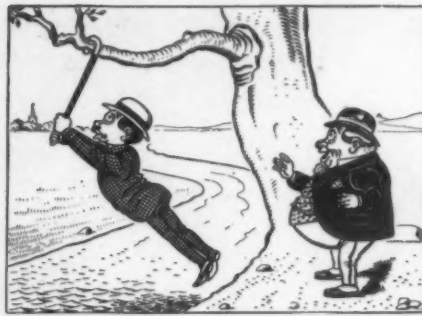


III.  
"See that overhanging branch? With this heavy cane I will swing myself on the other side! Watch me and you can do the same!—





IV. — "See! I place the cane around the limb in this manner —"

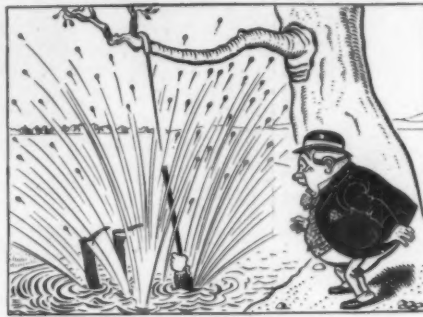


V. — "Swing myself over and land —"

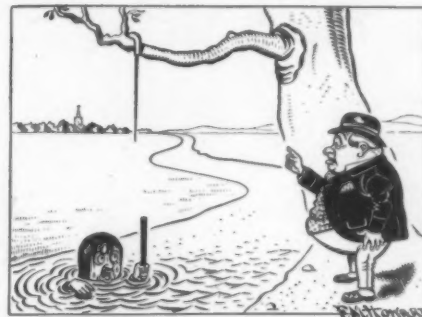


VI. — "On the other — Heavens! What is the matter with this cane?"

'em, under the rail that extended along the top, and started to go buck-jumpin' across the room with the whole blamed bench hangin' on their necks like an exaggerated ox-yoke. About the third jump they made, down they went, and the bench rolled over far enough to twist their heads under and leave 'em with their feet stickin' up in the atmosphere, kickin' back and forth in unison like beat-in' time to music.



VII. — " —! —! —! —!"



VIII. THE OLD PARTY. — Yes; I forgot to tell you it is a sword-cane! Now, perhaps, you can suggest a way to get the cane down.

#### THE OFFICIAL THEY NEEDED.

FIRST WESTERNER. — I heard the Sheriff was there when that lynchin' party started in.  
SECOND WESTERNER. — He was; but we advised him to go an' notify the Coroner.

#### JUST SO.

"Is there anything Blow-hard does n't know?"  
"Well, if there is, old fellow, he does n't know it."

#### TRIED AND NOT FOUND WANTING.

"Young Populare is the most self-possessed man I ever saw. He never gets the least bit rattled under any circumstances."  
"Why, in what exigency did you ever see him tried, to have such confidence in him?"  
"I saw him exhibiting his first baby to half-a-dozen women at once, and answering every question rationally."

#### PHILOSOPHY.

The Philosopher laughed aloud.  
"A million?" he exclaimed. "Why, such wealth would make me insane!"  
For he, understand, had relatives.

#### DEFENSE.

"Marmaduke," she icily observed, when the morning had broken, clear and cold, "you were intoxicated last night!"

As for the man, her husband, he quailed; doubtless conscious of the inadequacy of his defense.

"Perhaps my skull was broken," he protested, weakly.

Ah! but a wife was by no means an ambulance surgeon; nor liable to like errors of head or heart.

#### HIS OFFENSE.

"Perkins was a reporter on the *Daily Blower*, but they discharged him."

"Why?"

"On account of his incorrigible veracity."



#### AIRY.

FIRST QUICK-LUNCH WAITRESS — That new red-headed girl puts on great airs, does n't she, Liz?  
SECOND QUICK-LUNCH WAITRESS. — Yes! Instead of saying, "Beans and," she says, "Beans etcetera!"

THERE ARE two kinds of laziness — active and passive. The passively lazy man does nothing, or as near it as circumstances will permit; the actively lazy man shirks the work he ought to do but spends his time doing something else.

IN THE Millennium, no doubt, the exports will exceed the imports always and everywhere.

SOME PEOPLE spend more than their income in advertising the fact that they have one.

SOME OLD maids are so young that they can't pronounce their own age.



FRANK A. HANKNELL

# SHE DEFENDS THE ARTIST.

CHOLLY (*who is up in art*).—Ya'as — the color work is fair, but the handling of the calf is bad.\*  
 ETHEL (*who is n't*).— But calves are such difficult little things to handle. Why, up at the farm last Summer, Uncle Silas nearly had his neck broken by one!

## NO ONE KNOWS.

LITTLE CLARENCE (*after a season of cogitation*).— Pa, why are parlor ornaments called ornaments?

MR. CALLIPERS.— My son, I can not tell a lie; — I do not know.

## A SURE CRITERION.

UNCLE SILAS.— I guess the period of depression is past; business is improvin'; — each season witnesses the improvement.

UNCLE ABNER.— That 's correct. I 've had only three relations ask me ter endorse notes fer 'em this year; an' they was nephews, as against fourteen nephews, cousins an' sons-in-law fer last year, an every blamed member of my wife's family fer the year before.

## SOMETIMES:

SHE.— Are you a vegetarian?

THE POET.— Yes; — off and on.

## A STAIN ON HIS CHARACTER.

MRS. COLDWATER.— The parable of the Good Samaritan always makes me feel sad.

MR. COLDWATER.— Why?

MRS. COLDWATER.— He gave the injured traveler wine. Isn't it shocking, to think of the Good Samaritan using wine?

## A DIPLOMATIC NEGATIVE.

HAZLETINE.— I see your daughter is engaged to young Yokelby.

CASSHUR.— Yes; I had to consent to some such thing to keep her from going off and marrying the idiot.

[T WOULD be worth some men's while to reform, just to learn how many people always predicted they would.



FRANK A. HANKNELL

# POLICE NEWS.

FIRST COOK.— Phwere are yez wur-kin' now, Norah?

SECOND COOK.— In th' Nointh precinct!







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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**THE POLITE CRUSADER.** EMPEROR WILLIAM'S habit of making a pageant of himself has contributed abundantly to the stock of amusements that help to make life worth living. Humorists—that is, those beyond his jurisdiction—have regarded him gratefully as one on whom they might draw with perfect assurance when other material was scarce. The pilgrimage to the Holy Land has, of course, been meat for them. The mere association in thought of the consecrated person with the locality in question is funny; his actual presence there with his own peculiar combination of pomp and holiness is tickling. But, for once, the humorists are admitting that the Emperor is not entirely foolish in his latest venture. Underneath the spectacular surface of his progress there are well-defined aims that are conceded to be practical. If a ruler makes a holy show of himself for the sake of being looked at, that is one thing; but, if he does it with mining privileges, railway concessions, harbors, new subjects, new treaties, and other things of substance in close view, we have to admit that he is shrewd. How much cheaper and saner than fighting for them is it to acquire these things, or to put the machinery of acquirement into operation, by the simple device of becoming a religious procession! In the cause of religion and real estate William adds new holiness to holy ground, and it looks as if he would make his bloodless crusade more than pay expenses.

**IN THE MATTER OF PROTECTION.** GREAT, POSSIBLY, is the logic of the Protectionist; peculiar and occult it certainly is. We are still waiting with good patience for some orthodox Republican to reconcile the paradox of Expansion and Protection, to tell us just how the party is going to walk on both sides of the street. While abler minds than ours are working out this puzzle let us take a short look at Expansion in general and the annexation of Canada in particular. The Republican party is clearly committed to Expansion. It is eager for the annexation of the Philippines with their 8,000,000 savages. Then why should it not be many times as eager for the annexation of Canada with its 5,000,000 prosperous, hard-working, civilized members of its own race? "Trade follows the flag," it says of the Philippines, thereby implying that the Republican party is out for trade. But trade—a thousand-fold more—would follow the flag in Canada; whereupon it is discovered that the Republican party is not only not out for trade but is positively afraid of it. It is anxious to spend millions of dollars for the little trade of the Philippines, but it would n't take the incomparably greater trade of Canada as a gift.

You had n't heard of any proposition to annex Canada? And you really thought the Republican party would consider it a valuable possession if we could get it honestly? Then you have been misled by a note in Republican utterances which we think is described by the word "guff." We have had a number of statesmen representing us in a Joint High Commission at Quebec, for the purpose of considering this proposition, among others. Not actual annexation, it is true, but a substitute with all of its advantages and none of its disadvantages. There was a rich land, humming with people that buy a thousand dollars' worth of goods where the Philippine Tagal buys ten; no battles to be fought to gain an entrance, no standing army to be kept there and no expenses of government—but we did n't want the trade. "American industry must be protected," that is, except where we can take a country by force of arms.

And why, you ask, should not American industry be protected from the competition of the Tagals? or, if that does n't amount to much, as yet, why should it not be protected from Hawaii with its Chinese labor and from the closely cultivated islands of Cuba and Porto Rico? Well, if you

discover why, you must worm much deeper into the Republican intellect than PUCK has been able to. The Protectionist has heretofore fanned the fear of foreign competition by depicting the low estate of foreign labor. The "pauper" labor of Europe was bad enough; but infinitely worse was the Asiatic with his wage of ten cents a day, his wardrobe a pair of cotton trousers and his daily allowance of food a pint of rice! Yet here are the preachers of this gospel welcoming the "yellow peril" in Hawaii, and its twin in the West Indies, with open arms, and getting up on their dignity about it, too. They swallow the camel, but when it comes to the gnat,—the civilized North American living the other side of a certain line, wearing underclothes, boots, a hat, an overcoat and plenty of other garments, demanding and securing a fair wage for his labor and spending it for manufactured products of all kinds, they strain. Truly there is a great deal of politics in Politics.

USUALLY THE CASE.

"Does Fashoda really belong to England or to France?"

"I'm not posted; but, judging from the history of similar squabbles, it belongs to somebody else."

THE FRENCH cabinet minister, like the bicycle beginner, is apt to have an early fall.

WHICH IS worse in effect—stuffing the ballot-box, or stuffing the voters?

A DASH of yellow has the effect of taking the color of truth all out of an article.

IN THE great cry for universal peace, the howl of the under-dog is ever the dominant note.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

A paradox herein exists

In what we want to act for:

The more that Uncle Sam expands,

The more he must contract for.



AS HE REMEMBERED IT.

FRIEND.—What style of architecture did you say your house was to be?  
MR. CREWE DOYLE.—Italian reminiscence is what the architect calls it.



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A MODERN CRUSADE WITHOUT FIRE AND SWORD;—



PUCK.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

WORD;—WILL IT END IN A RIVAL ESTABLISHMENT?

## THE COUNTRY CHOIR.

**I**S well worth going to church in the country to see, and hear, the choir. The *personnel* of this important organization is invariably the same: — soprano, a fair-complexioned, pretty, giggling young woman of twenty years or thereabouts, as full of the flirting instinct as a clover-blossom of honey; contralto, a dumpy, stout brunette, turned thirty, with a subdued look, but fond of whispering and watching the congregation, especially strangers; tenor, a lank young man in a badly fitting suit of brand-new store clothes, vacant-eyed, sandy-haired, nervous, and constitutionally incapable of striking the right note; basso, a ponderous, elderly farmer, with a voice like a fog-horn blown inside a sack, — the leader of the choir, portentously pious, paternal, and solicitous concerning the appropriate gravity of his associates. Then there is the organist, a faded, timid little woman, in middle life, who is constantly letting the wind die out of the parlor organ, and getting as flustered as a chased hen when the chord fails with a sudden gasp, and then starts up again with a tempestuous roar.

The choir in these days is usually perched up on the platform behind the minister, or seated below the pulpit, a little to one side. Formerly, the gallery at the back of the church was allotted to the singers, and the people all stood up, turned around, and stared at them when they sang. But, of late years, country congregations have grown so lazy that they insist upon having the singers up in front of them, where they can be seen without too much physical exertion.

The country choir is expected to sing at least two "set pieces" at every service, in addition to leading the hymn-singing; and it is in the rendering of these selections that the quartette chiefly delights its admirers. The set pieces are contained in long, thin books, which, when open and extended, stretch entirely across the front of the choir and form a kind of fence or railing which all four singers grasp for support. Although the selections from long use are perfectly familiar in a general way, the country choir has never been known to sing any one of them correctly or without the most painful and embarrassing effort. Indeed, the longer these set pieces are sung the worse they are rendered, since the original errors of the performers are all perpetuated from force of habit, and new errors are constantly occurring and becoming fixed. The soprano is the least faulty of the four singers, since the air is the simplest and most natural part to carry, but the struggles of the other three with their more arbitrary and artificial scores are a constant menace to the solemnity of the Sabbath. The lank young man who attempts to sing tenor is always a particularly distressing spectacle for men and gods. His general notion of tenor seems to be that it is a high-pitched part, of a uniformly minor character, requiring a mournful tone, great vocal strain, and a loftiness of pitch that can never be relaxed without offense to the conscience of art. As for reading music, that is pure guess-work with him, and he plunges at a note much as a hawk plunges at a moth, with a general idea of its altitude and position, but no warrantable certainty until after the thing is in his beak. The tenor passages rendered by the country choir are a series of gropings after unrealized vocal effects. One might, perhaps, liken them to impressionist effects in painting and literature, except for the mood of the artist, which is one of evident perturbation and lack of assurance.

The basso, as a rule, carries his part with perfunctory correctness, but with about as much artistic expression and shading as may be found in a child's triangular picture of a horse. His voice has the hollow depth of a cistern and the metallic resonance of a tin pan, and the auditor can not resist the impression that he is listening to a roughly musical rendering of "Haw," "Gee," and "Sobos."



As for the contralto of the country choir, if one could hear her voice, it would be mildly and insipidly agreeable, but without strength or character. The most intense listening, however, fails to detect "the soft mellow note of woman's lower register" in the volume of sound that emanates from the country choir. Alas! is it not ever thus? — modest, self-withholding merit overborne and submerged by vociferous mediocrity; quality obscured by quantity; worth subordinated to assertion. We live in a strange world, my masters, and no wonder there are tears in our eyes when so many moral incongruities thrust up to bump us on the nose!

Paul Pastnor.

## STILL AFTER IT.

ASKINS. — Let me see! Somewhere I read of a book, entitled, "A Young Girl's Heart;" — do you know anything of it?

GRIMSHAW. — Yes; it came out right after "A Young Man's Pocket-book."

## AMBIGUOUS.

COMMUTER. — You had better wear arctics the next time you come to lovely Swamphurst, old man!

GOTHAM (*deep in the mud*). — Without doubt; for it'll be a "cold day" when I come to this place again.

## THE SIMILARITY.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL BOARDER. — The average boarding-house dinner reminds me somewhat of a political convention.

THE INQUISITIVE BOARDER. — How so?

THE PHILOSOPHICAL BOARDER. — Why, while the landlady "points with pride" to the viands, the boarders usually "view with alarm" the same.

## LEGAL VIEWS.

"Bobby asked me what murder was."

"Did you answer him?"

"I told him that murder was a mere matter of belief on the part of a jury."

NEVER ASK a woman for her reason; — if she had any, you would n't understand it.

THOUGH A man has a right to make an ass of himself, he should remember that he will not be permitted to disturb the peace with his brays.



## IN LONDON.

MR. NUTMEG (*traveling*). — London won't always be troubled with these fogs.

MRS. NUTMEG. — You think not?

MR. NUTMEG. — Oh, no! Some Yankee will come over here, sooner or later, and find out what to do for them.





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#### TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE.

THE ZEBRA.—I begin to understand what is meant by the wisdom of the serpent.  
THE SNAKE.—What do you mean?  
THE ZEBRA.—Why, you had sense enough to stay out!



#### THE ROMANTIC DOG.

HE'S SQUAT and sturdy and broad of back;  
His legs are stumpy, his flat feet bent  
The way I'm learning to toe a crack;  
His eyes just glisten with sentiment.  
His ears are silky and long; they flap  
So very sadly; and everywhere  
I hear his following footsteps tap,  
I feel his sorrowful, solemn stare.

He never used to be so at all;  
He once was brimming with pranks and play;  
But, since that picture 's adorned my wall  
His love for romping has died away.

Now, in my picture a greyhound, thin  
And starving, lies through the days and nights  
On the grave they buried his mistress in,  
While at a distance the castle lights

Show nobody worries a speck but he,  
My puppy heard when the tale was read.  
All day he lies where he 's bound to see  
That other dog—and he turns his head  
And plainly says, in his big-eyed stare:  
"Well, I'm all ready—please hurry up!"

To one who 'll promise him love and care—  
I 'd like to offer a spaniel pup.

Layton Brewer.

#### THE HYPNOTIST'S WILES.

TRAVELING TANK.—I was readin' a piece de udder day about a man hypnertizin' a feller an' mak-in' him commit a crime. It fairly made me blood run cold.

BUMM D. WAY.—Gittin' purty good all of a sudden, ain't ye?

TRAVELING TANK.—No; but if they kin do that an' make a feller commit a crime, they kin make him work. I tell ye, nobody's safe!

DISTANCE LENDS enchantment, but the average young person prefers to borrow elsewhere.

SOME WOMEN are never old enough to wed while they are young enough to flirt.



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#### A MODEL LOVER.

ETHEL.—Are you sure that all his thoughts are of you?

EDITH.—Oh, yes! Why, he has just lost his position on account of inattention to business!

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the  
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not  
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with  
one of a similar sounding name of a cheap  
grade.

Our name spells—

**S-O-H-M-E-R**  
New York SOHMER BUILDING  
Warehouses, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

AN ACCOMMODATING PA.

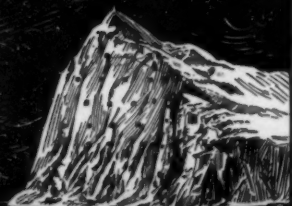
MR. SLIMPURSE.—Wha-what did  
your Pa say when you told him we were  
engaged to be married?

MISS BEAUTY.—He was real kind.  
He said if you would call for him to-  
morrow with a carriage—I think he  
said *your* carriage—he would go with  
you to look at any brownstone-fronts  
you think of buying for me to live in.—  
*New York Weekly.*

YEAST.—Why does your neighbor  
call his dog Random?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Because things are  
all the time fired at him. — *Yonkers  
Statesman.*

## The Prudential



**HAS THE STRENGTH  
OF GIBRALTAR.**

**LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES**

**\$15 to \$50,000**

Furnish absolute Protection to the Whole Family

Write for information

**THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.**

...OF AMERICA...

John F. Dryden, Pres. Home Office: Newark, N. J.

## Puck's Library

Is the greatest purely  
humorous publication  
in the . . . . .

**English Language**

It is issued the first Wednesday  
of each month

Price 10c. per copy • Subscription \$1 per year

For sale at every news-stand  
in the country : : : : :

SHARP ENOUGH AT TIMES.

FOREIGNER.—I am told that you Americans are very gullible."

HOST.—Well, we are easily taken in on woolly horses, white elephants,  
plans for extracting gold from sea-water, stuffed mermaids, and such things; but  
I just tell you we can't be fooled by any of these office-holders who say they don't  
want a renomination.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

LINES.—I tell you, young Stormer has the making of a first-class actor.

BOARDS.—What makes you think so?

LINES.—I was n't talking to him ten minutes this morning before he touched  
me for a tenner.—*Norristown Herald.*



## Pepsalt...

is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is  
incorporated digestive substances natural  
to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with  
**Pepsalt** and use it in place of salt at  
your meals. If you have indigestion your  
stomach does not supply the necessary  
amount of the dissolving or digestive  
juices. **Pepsalt** taken in place of salt at  
your meals makes good this de-  
ficiency, as you take with every  
mouthful of your food a similar  
substance to that which is required  
and at the right time, and your  
indigestion is a thing of the past.  
Send for sample in salt-shaker  
bottle and try it.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.  
THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO.,  
43 Sheriff Street,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

**Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him**

That salt-shaker is filled with Pepsalt

**PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION**



Copyright, 1906, by KETTLER & SCHWABACH.

HIS PREFERENCE.

DAISY MEDDERS (who reads romances).—Ah! Love is the balm for all wounds!  
JAY GREEN (who does n't).—I guess so; but I believe I prefer Jimson salve; it  
smells worse but it cures quicker, and that's the main point!

## HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

The Purest Type of the Purest Whiskey

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

EXCELLENT.



I am pleased to add my endorsement to Poz-  
zoni's Face Powder: it is excellent.  
Sincerely,

*Blanche Walsh*

How can it be better than EXCELLENT. You  
may try Pozzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder  
by sending your name and the name of this paper to  
ST. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

WOMEN never lose things; they put them in  
a good place, and can't recall the place.—  
*Atchison Globe.*

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,  
PAPER WAREHOUSE,**

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

SATIRE.

"How was that for  
satire?" asked Senator  
Sorghum, after he had  
abused a man for twenty  
minutes owing to a fail-  
ure to carry out his in-  
structions.

"Why, you know  
satire is supposed to be  
something critical, ex-  
pressed in such a way  
that its object must see  
its force, without taking  
offense."

"Well, that's what  
this was. That man  
can't take offense; —  
he owes me too much  
money." — *Washington  
Star.*

BLABMORE.—Admit-  
ting that Boobley is hen-  
pecked, I'm surprised  
that his wife boasts of it.

BABWAY.—Does she,  
indeed?

BLABMORE.—Yes;—  
she's been frequently  
heard to say that she's  
made him what he is to-  
day.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

NEVER judge of the  
wheel a man rides by  
the one he keeps to lend  
to his friends. — *Bicy-  
cling World.*

Persons afflicted with Dyspepsia, Diarrhea,  
etc., find immediate relief by using *Dr. Siegel's*  
Angostura Bitters, the great South American  
Tonic.

**Esterbrook's Pens**  
Triumphant.  
IN SIGNING THE PEACE PROTOCOL

Secretary  
Day  
used our

**No. 048 Falcon**

And  
Ambassador  
Combed our

**No. 313 Probate**

We manufacture 150 other styles.  
Ask your Stationer for them.

**The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.,**  
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

Between New York and Chicago in 24 Hours . . . .  
Via New York Central and Lake Shore Route, .

**THE LAKE SHORE LIMITED.**





COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZBAUM

#### COULD N'T USE IT.

REUBEN.—Did ye find that ready letter-writer that ye bought ter write letters to yer gal with was any help to ye?  
JASON.—No, b'gosh! All the letters in that dinged book wuz addressed to "Dearest Amelias" and "Dearest Gladys" and "Dearest Penceiopes," and my gal's name is Mary Jane Hepsibah!

## Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

Our Patent Covers for Filing Puck are

**SIMPLE,  
STRONG, and EASILY**

used. They preserve the copies in perfect shape. If Puck is worth buying, it is worth preserving. Price, 75 cents each, by mail, \$1.00. U. S. Postage Stamps taken.

Address: Puck, 39 East Houston St., N. Y.

FREDDY.—Why does Cholly look so sad lately? Is he in love?

TEDDY.—Yes;—and the girl he loves is n't.—*Harper's Bazar.*



#### MAKE YOUR BEST CHOICE

Of the Purest Stimulant,

Ripened by Age and Mellow, by selecting always

**Somerset Club  
Maryland Rye**

Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

#### ONE CONDITION.

WHEELER (who has just bought a bicycle).—Do you think that the bicycle has come to stay?

SPROCKET.—Well, a good deal depends upon whether you paid outright for it or bought it on the instalment plan.—*Bicycling World.*

#### FURTHER EXPLAINED.

"Did you say that gentleman made his fortune by some important discoveries in medical lore?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne;—"he discovered a new way to advertise a reliable recipe."—*Washington Star.*



#### The Best is the Cheapest

*Rae's Olive Oil is both the best  
and cheapest, quality considered.*

The Chemical Analysis of S. Rae & Co.'s Finest Sublime Lucca Oil, made Sept. 15th, 1896, by the Ledoux Chemical Laboratory, declares it to be "unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of Superior Quality and Flavor."

**S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.**

Established 1896.

#### VERY DIFFERENT.

"Did n't you tell me that new gown of yours cost \$40?"

"No, Robert; I told you it cost \$39.98."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**CANDY**

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
212 State St., Chicago.

Send \$1.25, \$2.40, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

AFTER a woman has done her duty to her kin, her church and society, she has very little time left for duties that are of real importance.—*Atchison Globe.*

**BOKER'S BITTERS**

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.



Ypsilanti Health Underwear is made in all sizes and all weights. Fits the form perfectly. Helps clothes fit. Sold in cities and larger towns. Booklet free. HAY & TODD MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.

#### THE RIVALS.

MRS. TIPTOP.—I am sorry you were not at my reception last evening.

MRS. HIGHUP (coldly).—I received no invitation.

MRS. TIPTOP (with affected surprise).—Indeed? It must have miscarried. I had among my guests three foreign counts.

MRS. HIGHUP.—So, that is where they were? I desired to engage them last evening to wait on table at our theatre party supper, but the employment agent told me they were out.—*New York Weekly.*

BUNNER'S

**Short Sixes**

PRICE, PAPER, \$0.50  
CLOTH, 1.00

ADDRESS, PUCK  
NEW YORK

EXPECTANT FATHER.—Well, is it a little peach?

EXCITED NURSE.—No, sir;—it's a little pair.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"The sum of earthly bliss."  
—MILTON, PARADISE LOST.

The limit of excellence  
in Pipe tobacco is  
reached and sustained by

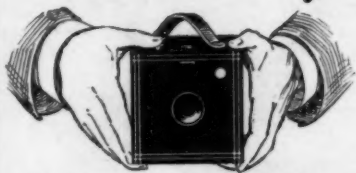
**Yale**  
mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke

Nothing better for Pipe  
smoking can be made!  
Costs more? Yes—a  
trifle—but the few cents'  
difference is more than  
made up by the enjoy-  
ment and satisfaction of  
its superior quality.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

## Holidays are Kodak Days



The long evenings of Christ-  
mas-tide are made doubly delightful by  
taking flash-light pictures of one's  
friends.

Picture taking by daylight or  
flash-light is easy with a Kodak.

Kodaks \$5.00 to \$35.00.

Catalogues free of dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

AN UNPROFITABLE MONTH.

PRESIDENT NICKEL-IN-SLOT COM-  
PANY.—How were the profits this  
month?

TREASURER.—Less than usual. The  
receipts were not much greater than the  
expenses.

PRESIDENT.—Humph! Some of the  
machines must have been in order.—  
*New York Weekly.*

The Product of Nature  
Bottled in its Prime

**Evans'**  
Stout

Thickens the blood  
Mollifies the stomach  
Pleases the palate

Simply the finest hops, best  
malt and purest spring-water  
—and worth a ton of drugs.

1786—C. H. EVANS & SONS—1898

Brewers, Malsters and Bottlers,  
HUDSON, N. Y.



## The Improved BOSTON GARTER

Is the recognized  
STANDARD for  
MEN'S WEAR.

Keeps the Stocking  
Free from Wrinkles  
DOES NOT BIND

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION  
BUTTON  
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg.  
Does not tear the stock-  
ing, and will not unfasten  
accidentally.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Sample Pair (Silk, 50c.

by Mail (Cotton, 25c.

GEORGE FROST CO.

BOSTON, MASS.



A BROKEN FLIGHT.

I swore I'd ever love her just the same,  
That I'd be true I told her o'er and  
o'er;

My vow is broken—nothing to my  
shame—

For now I find I love her more and  
more.—*Princeton Tiger.*



**Blakemore**  
Whiskey 7 Years  
Old

NOTHING BETTER  
MADE OR SOLD.

Matured in wood  
and bottled in bond  
under Governmental  
Supervision.

If your dealer hasn't  
it send us TWELVE  
DOLLARS and we  
will have sent to your  
address by express  
prepaid a sample case  
containing TWELVE  
BOTTLES.

**FREIBERG & WORKUM**  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Personally-Conducted Tours via  
Pennsylvania Railroad.

SEASON OF 1898-99.

The Personally-Conducted Tourist System of  
the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is the most  
complete and elaborate system of pleasure  
traveling and sight-seeing yet devised. It is the  
summation of the ultimate idea in railroad travel,  
the final evolution of unassailable perfection.

For the season of '98 and '99 it has arranged  
for the following tours:—

**California.**—Tour will leave New York, Phila-  
delphia, and Harrisburg February 9. Nineteen  
days will be spent in California. The party  
will travel over the entire route by the "Golden  
Gate Special," the finest train that crosses the  
continent.

**Florida.**—Four tours to Jacksonville will leave  
New York and Philadelphia January 24, Febru-  
ary 7 and 21, and March 7. The first three  
admit of a stay of two weeks in the "Flowery  
State." Tickets for the fourth tour will be good  
to return by regular trains until May 31, 1899.

**Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washing-  
ton.**—Seven tours will leave New York and  
Philadelphia December 27, January 28, Febru-  
ary 25, March 18, April 1, 15, and 29.

**Old Point Comfort.**—Seven tours will leave  
New York and Philadelphia December 27, Janu-  
ary 28, February 25, March 18, April 1, 15  
and 29.

**Washington.**—Seven tours will leave New  
York and Philadelphia December 27, January  
19, February 16, March 9 and 28, April 20, and  
May 11.

Detailed itineraries of the above tours, giving  
rates and full information, may be procured of  
Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860  
Fulton Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street,  
Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant  
General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.



HE KNEW.

BOBBY.—Pa, what is a painless dentist?

VICTIM (coming out).—He's a liar!

There is nothing so refreshing as *Cook's Impe-  
rial Champagne*. It's pure, healthy and nourish-  
ing.

Appetite gone? The truant will soon return  
when Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters,  
are sent to seek it. Take only the genuine—  
"Abbott's."

DOCTORS DIFFER.

LADY.—You say, Professor, that tobacco  
is an aid to thought, and a stimulant to  
the reasoning faculties; but Professor  
Greathead says that tobacco is in  
every way injurious. How do you  
account for that difference?

THE PROFESSOR.—Easily  
enough, Madam. Professor Great-  
head does not smoke, and con-  
sequently he can neither think  
straight, nor reason correctly. —  
*New York Weekly.*

A CONCLUSIVE CALCULATION.

"I should think that young man  
would have more sense than to  
call on a girl every night," said  
Mabel's father at breakfast.

"The idea!" exclaimed the  
young woman. "That shows  
how carelessly you judge. Her-  
bert's the only person I ever  
saw or heard of who was smart  
enough to talk seven nights  
a week without telling all he  
knew.—*Washington Star.*

MR. FREEZEM.—Why don't  
you tramps go to work?

TRAMP.—That's a foolish  
question. When men that want  
work can't get it, what's the  
use of us fellers lookin' fur it?  
—*Roxbury Gazette.*

NEITHER "intellectual beauty,"  
nor "spiritual beauty," is the real  
article.—*Atchison Globe.*

SPAIN seems to have an aimless way  
of fighting.—*Adams Freeman.*

THE devil's mail bag—A gossip's  
mouth.—*Ram's Horn.*

## SPECIAL NOTICE

The Advertising Forms of

**CHRISTMAS PUCK** THE FINEST HOLIDAY PUBLICATION  
OF THE YEAR

WILL BE CLOSED ON *Saturday, November 19th, 1898*

Intending advertisers will oblige us by handing in their orders and copy at as early a day as possible.

Address, Advertising Department, PUCK, New York



# AN AVERAGE REPUBLIC.

RETURNED TRAVELER.—What became of Boss Mulhooly, the notorious boddler?

CITIZEN.—He died in the penitentiary.

"Served him right. And what became of Mr. Goodsoul, the reformer who exposed him?"

"He died in the poor-house." — *New York Weekly.*

MADRID is the capital of Spain, but she can't bank on it. — *Adams Freeman.*



**4711 WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP**

Transparent as crystal. The perfect cleansing properties and absolute purity, as well as the refined and delicate perfume of this toilet soap, have placed it at the apex of all.

SOLD UNIVERSALLY. SAMPLE CASE 15 CENTS.  
MULHENS & KROFF, U. S. AGENTS, NEW YORK

# FROM BOTH SIDES.

Once more campaigners congregate And sound the cry which naught can check:

"Our man is noble, good and great; The other is a moral wreck!"

— *Washington Star.*

# WEATHER CHANGES.

LITTLE ISAAC.—Fadder, it looks like rain.

ISAAC, SENIOR.—Mark dose two-tollar umprellas oop to five tollars, undt sell 'em for t'ree undt a haluf. — *New York Weekly.*



**RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI Angostura Bark Bitters**

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

A NUMBER of cyclists were deep in conversation on the different makes of bicycles.

"Yes; my good machine once saved me in a terrible emergency," remarked Longwind.

"How? Tell us about it," suggested one of the listeners.

"I pawned it for twenty dollars once when I was hard up," replied Longwind. — *Bicycling World.*

A GLASS EYE is the memorial window of the soul. — *Princeton Tiger.*



**Remington Standard Typewriter**

OF WEAR AND TEAR

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 273 Broadway, New York.

# METEORIC.

"Speaking of infant prodigies!" exclaimed the Chinese emperor.

"Your Majesty enjoys some distinction in that line," rejoined the faithful old courtier.

"I should say so! Here I am a back-number before most men are fairly started in life!" — *Washington Star.*

SOME good resolutions are like blank cartridges — nothing comes out of them. — *Ram's Horn.*

# What Shall Be Done

FOR THE DELICATE GIRL

You have tried iron and other tonics. But she keeps pale and thin. Her sallow complexion worries you. Perhaps she has a little hacking cough also. Her head aches; and she cannot study. Give her

# Scott's Emulsion

The oil will feed her wasting body; the glycerine will soothe her cough, and the hypophosphites will give new power and vigor to her nerves and brain.

Never say you "cannot take cod-liver oil" until you have tried Scott's Emulsion. You will be obliged to change your opinion at once. Children especially become very fond of it; and infants do not know when it is added to their food.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

One of the largest transactions ever consummated in Life Insurance in the United States, and undoubtedly the largest credited to the State of New Jersey, was closed last week by The Prudential Insurance Company of America. It was in the shape of an issuance of \$400,000 of partnership insurance in favor of four members of the firm of Hahne & Co., proprietors of the Newark department store. The first annual premium of over \$13,000 has just been paid and the policies have been delivered.

The persons insured are August Hahne, Richard Hahne, Albert J. Hahne, and William H. Kellner, each taking a policy of \$100,000 and making the same payable to the firm, so that in the event of the death of any one of them, the surviving members will receive from The Prudential \$100,000 in cash.

This plan of partnership insurance, according to The Prudential, is growing more popular among business men every day, and this movement on the part of Hahne & Company is a striking example of how an up-to-date firm can protect vast interests in the event of their being assailed by death.

Before deciding in what Company the firm would seek the insurance, the leading Life Insurance Companies of the United States submitted figures. No policies so completely satisfied the Messrs. Hahne and Kellner as those of The Prudential, which were proven to their satisfaction to be as safe and certain of payment as a government bond.

The officials of The Prudential are pointing to the transaction with pride, as it tends more than anything to demonstrate the faith with which business men and men of affairs regard the Company.



# AN IMPROVED WEAPON.

THE LION.—The hunter used a quick-firing gun, did he?

THE TIGER.—I should say so! He must have missed me a dozen times a minute!

# Arnold Constable & Co. French Dress Fabrics.

Velours Barré, Striped Barré and Broché Crépons. Scotch and English Cheviots, Plain and Mixed Effects, Tailor Suitings, Clan and Fancy Plaids.

Embroidered and Braided Robes.


Broadway & 19th St. NEW YORK.

IT is often the heat of anger that incubates the chickens that come home to roost. — *Ram's Horn.*

IN buying a bicycle be sure to get the best. Any of the advertisements will tell you which that is. — *Bicycling World.*

**OPIUM** and Liquor habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L. Lebanon, Ohio.

WE suppose the hardest task in the world would be to persuade a real worthless man to join a suicide club. — *Atchison Globe.*



**EDUCATION BY MAIL**

Thousands have been helped to better pay & positions through our system of instruction

Buildings erected expressly for this purpose at a cost of \$225,000

Courses of Steam, Electrical, Mechanical or Civil Engineering; Chemistry; Mining; Mechanical and Architectural Drawing; Surveying; Plumbing; Architecture; Metal Pattern Drafting; Prospecting; Bookkeeping; Short-hand; English Branches.

\$2 A MONTH pays for a College Education at Home 40,000 Students and Graduates.

Circular FREE. State subject you wish to study.

THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 918 Scranton, Pa., U. S. A.

SHE.—How did you find the mosquitos down at the beach?

HE.—Oh! we did n't have to; they found us. — *Vonkers Statesman.*

THERE is no doubt that the devil's mother, if he has one, thinks that her son is persecuted. — *Atchison Globe.*

**BARKEEPER'S FRIEND**

METAL POLISH.—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

PRACK has her victories, if you can run fast enough. — *Adams Freeman.*

GARMENTS for church wear usually have small pockets. — *Ram's Horn.*

# ORDER IT NOW

# Christmas ..... Puck

THE FINEST HOLIDAY PUBLICATION OF THE YEAR.

WILL BE ISSUED EARLY IN DECEMBER.

FORTY-EIGHT PAGES OF ART WORK AND A RICHLY ILLUMINATED COVER BY PUCK'S ARTISTIC STAFF.

25 Cents Per Copy

All Newsdealers, or by Mail from the Publishers on Receipt of Price.

Address, PUCK, New York

# ORDER IT NOW

# BUNNER BOOKS

SHORT SIXES  
RUNAWAY BROWNS  
MADE IN FRANCE  
MORE SHORT SIXES  
SUBURBAN SAGE

Paper, - - - \$0.50 Address, PUCK, New York  
Cloth, - - - 1.00

# WHEN ALICE MADE THE CANDY.

**H**ere is Huyler's name upon it, and I know the box contains  
 Such costly sweets as not a girl in all the town disdains;  
 There are chocolates and nougats, melting cubes of pasty cream,  
 And violets in crystals—things that are not what they seem;  
 But I turn away untempted by the bonbons, for they raise  
 The sweeter slumbering memories of youthful happy days—  
 The old days in the homely house where she was bred and born—  
 When Alice made the candy while she kept me popping corn.

With her long, white apron round her and her dimpled arm unsleeved;  
 Her eyes alight with eagerness to see the task achieved;  
 Her long spoon stirring swiftly in the yellow, bubbling mass—  
 I see her now as she was then—a dear and comely lass.  
 The old low-studded kitchen is before me plain as plain,  
 And the scene comes back to thrill me with a joy akin to pain.  
 There are no sweets now to tempt me, there are no joys now like mine—  
 When Alice made the candy in the days of auld lang syne.

If the corn gave hint of burning, while my eyes were all for her,  
 She would threaten to replace me, and to make me come and stir;  
 If the "old maids" proved abundant, they provoked from her a jest  
 That she thought I liked 'em, with a blush that more than words confessed;  
 She would give me orders sternly, as to buttering the tins,  
 And bid me roll her sleeves when they escaped the loosened pins;  
 Oh! there are no times like those times that set my heart aglow  
 When Alice made the candy in the days of long ago.

The kind young heart that sends this dainty gift to say good-by  
 To a dull old lonely fellow—an old foggy such as I—  
 Seems much as she was in the days when life was at the flood  
 And takes me back through mists of time and warms my chilling blood;  
 But I sigh for her to think her sweets are ready-made to-day,  
 And she'll never know as we did, in the same old-fashioned way,  
 The homely things we loved so well, before the days of pride,  
 When Alice made the candy with her lover by her side.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

